



## THE LATEST FROM THE GOLF LINKS.

By Thomas Bendelaw.

THE ancient game of golf has made more rapid strides here in the United States during the last four or five years than in the old country across the sea in the same number of decades. It

the standard of those in the old country, who have the golfing traditions of many decades to urge them on. I have as an amateur played upon nearly every course in Scotland and many in this country, and make my observations with the aid of much experience. At the present time the American cracks are not more than half a stroke behind their Caledonian rivals in the old Scottish game of golf.

Crack, crack, crack! North and south, east and west, from wide Atlantic to broad Pacific, merry golfers are swinging drivers and barreses and mashies and niblicks (not to mention a dozen other implements of the golfer's trade) and the keen-eyed cad-

blue sky and the good country air to the hot pavements and sultry atmosphere of the murky city.

Along the New Jersey shore the golfers thrive and wax mighty. Staten Island and Long Island are invaded by tribes of sun-burned individuals who delight in carrying strange implements of warfare (casually referred to as putters, or lofters, or cleeks) and in twisting their vocal organs around strange sounds of mystic meaning and evocative Scotch derivation. From the west come vague rumors of mighty men that have created new records on the links. Even Chicago has donned a Summer aspect and a golf suit. But here in New York State the golfer is king. Ardsley-on-Hudson is in its prettiest garb of green, against which the red coats of the players show to the greatest possible advantage. It was there that Mr. Louis P. Bayard, of Princeton, won undying fame and the American Intercollegiate championship trophy at the recent Intercollegiate meet. Mr. Bayard's work on that memorable occasion showed conclusively that a long line of Scotch ancestry was not a necessary adjunct to playing in the good game of golf. It is true that there was a good "Scotch mist" upon the day in question, but the players whose aquatics were a little rusty seemed to regard this as anything but a good omen.

The Ardsley links are probably the most beautifully situated in America. The clubhouse is an architectural masterpiece, and has a wide, roomy piazza overlooking the first tee and the home hole, so that the spectators can see plainly the start and the finish of each game. St. Andrews, at Yonkers, has turned out a number of crack players. The junior team, made up of boys under fourteen years of age, has played with varying success in several matches.

The seaside resorts have given over almost all other forms of sport this Summer and have taken up golf as a substitute. No hotel in the mountains or along the coast is considered up to date without a golf links. In fact, many Summer hotels have been equipped as well as first-class golf clubs, with instructors, nine-hole courses and all requirements of the game, so that the Summer guest can be "in the swim" ashore as well as afloat. Besides this many people have had golf links of six holes, or even four or five, laid out on their own private grounds for the entertainment of their friends. Six holes do very well, as three times around the course makes up the full number of eighteen holes, usually considered necessary to regular competition. Very pleasant tournaments are arranged for the pleasure of the guests, and it is found that the small links are quite as good as those of greater size. Tennis at the country houses has given way in a measure to the excellent game of golf.

The yachtsmen are not to be left behind in the race for honors in the popular game of the season. Down on the Sound the Larchmont Yacht Club has laid out links and built a clubhouse for the special con-

venience of the stockinged brigade. Many a Larchmont able seaman whose tales of the fish he nearly caught have been received in incredulous silence and taken with a grain of salt has gone out to the links and solaced himself by getting in "a good lie" for the first hole. The golfing quarters of the Larchmonts are admirably adapted to their purpose. A broad verandah fronts upon the green, and from this vantage of vantage the spectators can watch the players from the first drive until the ball is "put" into the home hole.

Seabright by the sea is not behind in golfing, and the sand beach has for the present been overshadowed by the green. For those devotees of sport who prefer the odors of mountain, lake and forest to the breezes that come in from the salt sea Lake Champlain offers inducements. There the Hotel Champlain has laid out one of the finest golf courses in the country, with barriers and bunkers to burn. In fact, the obstacles that intervene between the enthusiast and his hopes at the eighth hole (same comprising the surmounting of a rock ledge some twenty-five feet in height) are said, upon good authority, to furnish exciting possibilities seldom dreamed of by the placid individual who is contented with the ordinary every-day course. Rumor has it that one of the most prominent members of the club became so enamored of that particular hazard that he has written a poem in its honor, entitled, "The Golfer's Dream of Paradise." For the absolute truth of this latter statement I can hardly vouch. It may be a fantasy of the brain of Lieutenant Burr, who himself is rather partial to that particular spot.

The club holds two tournaments weekly. Saturday brings out a "men's handicap," and Thursday the ladies rule the links right royally. A mixed foursome is the attraction of the day.

Speaking of ladies in connection with the royal game of golf, Staten Island is rapidly becoming celebrated for its expert women players. Miss Jessie McNamee, cousin of George Vanderbilt, and Miss Violet Ward, who are the only women members of the Richmond County Country Club, are said to swing a driver as strongly and to use a putter with as much delicate accuracy as any of their masculine friends. Staten Island also boasts a wonder in the person of Miss Adeline Robinson, formerly holder of the United States championship at tennis, who has recently deserted the racket for the club, and who has attained quite remarkable proficiency with that instrument. In the matter of uniforms the Staten Islanders mark well with any club on the coast. The principal attraction is the pink coat, that sets off to equal advantage the forms of Club President Louis F. Whittin (who is short and stout), and of Mr. Tyng, crack player (who inclines toward the tall, thin type of manly beauty). The Harbor Hill Golf Club and the Staten Island Creek Club, also devoted to the interests of the Caledonian game, have undoubtedly advantages of their own, but have given up all hopes of inventing a coat to rival that of the versatile Country Club, and Mr. J. Tyng chuckles and says in his newest and

best Scotch: "Hoot mon! ye may weel ken the tirling of a gude stoot niblick, but ye dinna ken hoo to waur a bonnie pink jacket." Mr. Tyng has never been quite able to decide whether his accent is the proper thing for a Lowlander or whether it should be representative of the Highland golfer, but is satisfied that it is of Caledonian flavor, at least.

This Summer season at country club and Summer resort promises to be a veritable snap for the professional golfer. He can busy himself throughout the year explaining to numerous new players that a "tee" is not necessarily an afternoon affair, and that "links" do not always make a chain.

It is amusing to watch the new and verdant aspirant for golfic honors. "Solomon in all his glory" would promptly present the palm to the golf enthusiast, to

frantic efforts. He speedily becomes imbued with the spirit of the game and distinguishes readily between a driver and an iron cleek; after that he becomes a connoisseur; talks learnedly of puts and lifts, and displays detailed knowledge of the championship scores. The last evidence of his subjection comes in when he plunges into discussion of the various moods and merits of the American and the Scotch exponents of the game.

Governor Griggs, of New Jersey, has lent his mighty sanction to golf. In fact, the athletic Governor takes a very active part in the sport and his caddy carries one of the best assortments of clubs boasted by the North Jersey Country Club. Ex-President Cleveland, in his Princeton seclusion, is seriously contemplating the advisability of taking to golf in lieu of that more gentle pastime made famous by Isaac

## SOUTHAMPTON BOWS TO THE GOLF STICK.

Southampton, L. I., July 24.—Little else is talked of this week but the golf tournament—the big annual meet—which begins next Tuesday, lasting the balance of the month.

The Greens Committee of the Shinnecock Golf Club has booked golf players from all parts of the country who wish to enter the lists with the Shinnecock champions, and a tournament of unusual interest is looked forward to. The big clubhouse will be

### SOUTHAMPTON'S YOUNGEST WHIPS.



The two youngsters in the picture are the little daughters of Charles T. Barney, one of the best known members of Southampton's Summer population. They know nothing about fear and manage the ponies with the skill of veterans.



These three, F. W. Sanger, Mrs. F. M. Freeman and Miss Louise Willard are puzzling out the complicated task of figuring out the golf scores and finding where they stand. It happened at the Fairfield Golf Club grounds, near Greenwich, Conn.

has been accepted by the American people with even more than the usual enthusiasm that they throw into amateur sports. No game suits the people of to-day like golf. It is a game for old and young, for strong and weak alike. It is healthful, strengthening out-of-door work, and requires all of the skill and daring that necessarily enter into the make-up of any exciting competition.

Golf has one beauty that is possessed by no other game. The spirit of emulation is never dead, for the reason that the player always has a goal to look forward to. He can try to beat the records of the course, or if that is beyond his reach, he can attempt to better the performances of his friends. All the excitement of a regular competition can be enjoyed by a single person going over the course alone.

Golf has come to stay. There can be no doubt about it. All over this country, from Atlantic to Pacific, clubs and private individuals are having links laid out for the enjoyment of their respective members and guests. The outlay in this line during the last year has been enormous. I have myself assisted at the laying out of from thirty-five to forty courses in the immediate vicinity of New York during the last fourteen months. Tennis, that was not long ago the popular Summer sport, has been overwhelmed in the popular enthusiasm for the game of golf. Every country club (I do not think there is a single exception) has adopted golf as the game of the season. Take for example the Forest Hill Tennis Club, which has changed its name to the Forest Hill Field Club purely because of the pressure exerted by golfing members.

Although golf has made such giant strides during the past year or two, the game has not yet reached the perfection it has attained in Scotland. This is largely due to the character of the soil. Scotch courses entrench those of this country, for the following reasons: The turf upon which Scotch courses are laid out consists of sand topped with a thin loam. On this grass grows with exceeding firmness and to a height of less than an inch and a half. There are no stones to interfere with the calculations of the player. The use of a proper amount of English causes the ball to fall dead where it strikes. It never collides with a stone and goes skipping on for thirty or forty yards more, as frequently happens on our local links.

Over the Scotch course of eighteen holes the average distance between holes is not less than 320 yards. The American greens (with the exception of Dyker Meadows, St. Andrew's and a certain course near Chicago, the nature of which does not occur to me at this moment) are much shorter. With the possible exception of Dyker Meadows, the course there measures over 3,000 yards. Only three sticks are necessary to an American course—the driver, the mashie, and the niblick.

Players are beginning to approach the



The men in this picture compose what is known as the "team" of the Fairfield Golf Club. They are, beginning at the left, F. M. Freeman, Julian Curtiss, Findley Douglas, Captain E. B. Curtis, Charles Cox, Dr. Carl Martin, J. Mason, F. W. Sanger. Every one of them plays golf whenever he can, and plays it well.

### GOLF PLAYERS OF GREENWICH.

whom stripes of red or green are a dream of delight. It usually takes the beginner at least a week to acquire a real Scotch accent and learn the terms commonly used in the game, although proficiency in this line comes more easily if you happen to have a strain of "bonnie Scot blood" in your veins. After that difficulty is surmounted the prospective champion learns to drive the ball without "hooking" it, or slicing off large patches of turf in his

Walton in years gone by. Perhaps the proximity of Champion Bayard may have swayed Mr. Cleveland's loyalty to old Isaac and caused him to vacillate between the delights of rod and line and the sterner club of the golfer.

A glance at the periodicals that have recently been devoted to the interests of the game shows the enormous stride that golf has taken in public favor this year. As a clean, out-of-door sport it is unexcelled. It is a great exerciser, and there is a continual strain of excitement not found in any out-of-door game in vogue at the present time. Golf requires strength, patience and skill, and to become a champion one must possess these requisites in a remarkable degree. Whether America can produce players to rival the Scottish experts still remains to be seen. Of course Scotland has tradition (for golf is a very ancient game) to back her play, but tradition availed the athletes of all Great Britain very little when they came over here to meet the American team a year or so ago on the cinder path. It has come to be a recognized fact that American-made clubs and other golfing materials are fully as meritorious as any made across the sea, and no doubt the players will in the near future attain a proportionate degree of excellence.

### EASTHAMPTON'S VICTORY.

The Defeat of the Shinnecock Golf Club is More Grateful Than the Ocean Breeze.

Easthampton, L. I., July 24.—The ease with which the Maidstone Golf Club, of this place, defeated the famous Shinnecock, of Southampton, has made the enthusiasts here feel very proud. The score was 20 to 9 in favor of the Maidstones. Of the six Shinnecocks but two scored—R. H. Robertson, with 6, and W. A. Putnam, with 3—Dr. Curtis, Judge Russell, L. C. Murdoch and A. L. Morton not scoring. All but two of the Maidstones scored, these two being N. H. Larkin and H. A. James. R. B. Kerr made a score of 11 and M. A. Lyons 10.

The return match will be played at the Shinnecock links next Monday, the day before the beginning of the Shinnecock's annual tournament. The members of both clubs are all prominent New Yorkers. There are putting matches and handicaps for both ladies and men on the Maidstone grounds here every Saturday.

The following New York people have cottages here this Summer: C. B. Adams, Rev. Dr. Burrell, C. H. Butler, William Carson, B. O. Chisholm, F. H. Davies, Mrs. W. B. Draper, E. De Rose, C. L. W. Eldridge, F. Ferris, Frederick Gallatin, Dr. Everett Herriek, Mrs. S. Herriman, Mrs. J. Hindon Hyde, H. L. Hobart, Dr. F. L. Ives, Mrs. S. W. Johnson, Rev. Dr. Jewett, R. B. Kerr, M. A. Lyons, A. H. Larkin, Mrs. G. Lord, P. F. Macdonald, Dr. Markoe, Thomas Moran, Dr. George Munroe, A. Mills, Dr. F. N. Otis, Rev. Dr. Paxton, F. S. Phillips, W. H. Rand, Rev. Dr. Taylor, Gen. Albin Phipps

jammed, and all the cottagers have long lists of guests who are coming for the week.

A large delegation from the Newport Golf Club is to be present, as well as many from Lenox, Tuxedo, Ardsley, Larchmont and other society centres. The Long Island Railroad will run special trains. It is expected, and nearly all its regular trains are to stop at the little flag station by the clubhouse, which the road has recently had erected there.

President Baldwin, of the road, is himself an enthusiast, and may attend the tournament. The Montauk steamboat Shinnecock will take several large parties from New York to Sag Harbor, the trip from the latter place to Southampton by rail occupying but half an hour.

The devotees of the surf have been unfortunate the past two weeks, for either the breakers have been too stupendous or rain has interfered. The flag at the beach denoting that all is favorable for the diurnal swim has been hoisted but a few times during this period, and the disappointment has been most keen. Many, unwilling to forego their dip, drove or wheeled to placid Peconic Bay, a part of the Sound which is but a few miles away. Miss Carrie Edgar, who is one of the finest swimmers here, is always noticeable on the beach, not only because of her fine figure, but also because of her natty costume of blue and red. The body of this costume is of blue and the stockings, collar, belt and headpiece of bright red.

Other daring mermaids in pretty costumes are Miss Amy Moeran, Miss Anna Livingston, Miss Mabel Jones and Miss Graham. Among the men, Lindsey Biagden, Charles Brown, James T. Kilbreth and Edward Moeran are equally noted as surf riders.

Harry Barclay has his four-in-hand and drag out nearly every pleasant day, with a merry party aboard. He always visits the golf links with his turnout on Saturdays to watch the weekly handicap.

Mrs. John T. Waterbury is a fine whip and drives a magnificent pair of bays to a faultless carriage. The Waterburys are active this season in all society matters and sports.

A class in botany meets in the art annex every other Tuesday, directed by Frederick Green. Plants native to Long Island soil are collected and analyzed. It is hoped to have a permanent collection of such in the annex in the course of time.

Mrs. Henry G. Trevor has gone to Europe for the remainder of the season, and the elegant Trevor villa will be practically out of the social life. This is unfortunate, as the Trevors are lavish entertainers. Mr. Trevor has a fine collection of black French poodles, drives fine horses and is "in" for all sports.

The Friday evening dinners at the Meadow Club continue to be an attraction for many. Among those at the last dinner and dance were Mrs. Charles Godfrey, Mrs. Frederic H. Betts, Mrs. Terry, Mrs. George Penleton Bowler, Peter F. Collier and